

BELL

10¢

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION

NO. 35

THE *Lone Ranger's* FAMOUS HORSE

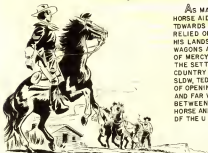
HI-YO

SILVER

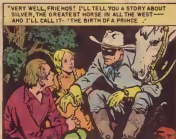


MAN'S HELPMATE

AS FAR BACK AS RECORDED HISTORY EXTENDS, THE HORSE HAS BEEN MAN'S FRIEND, COMPANION AND HELPER. THE MAN OF LONG AGO WHO OWNED A HORSE WAS INDEED FORTUNATE. HE COULD FLEE FROM HIS ENEMIES AND, IN TURN, BECOME A LEADER WHEN ATTACKING THE COMMON Foe. WHEN FOOD BECAME SCARCE, HE COULD RANGE FAR IN SEARCH OF FOOD FOR HIS FAMILY AND CLAN. IT IS LITTLE WONDER THAT SUCH A CLOSE COMRADESHIP EXISTED BETWEEN THE MAN AND HIS HORSE.



AS MAN PROGRESSED, THE HORSE AIDED HIM IN HIS MARCH TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE. MAN RELIED ON HIS FRIEND TO PLOW HIS LANDS, HAUL HIS COMMERCE WAGONS AND SPEED HIM ON ACTS OF MERCY. WITHOUT THE HORSE, THE SETTLING OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY WOULD HAVE BEEN A SLOW, TEDIOUS TASK. THE HONORS OF OPENING THE GREAT PLAINS AND FAR WEST CAN BE DIVIDED BETWEEN THE PATIENT WORK HORSE AND THE FLASHING STEEDS OF THE U. S. CAVALRY...



IT WAS SPRING IN WILD HORSE VALLEY! NEW GRASS WAS SPRINGING UP IN THE WILD MEADOWS BY THE CREEK. WHITE WATERFALLS LEAPED FROM THE CLIFFS, FED BY MELTING SNOWS.



NEW LIFE FILLED SKY AND AIR AND WATER! THE YOUNG COLTS FELT THE EXCITEMENT OF IT, RACING ALONG THE CREEK.



SYLVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING, FELT THE JOY OF IT, AS HE STOOD GUARD OVER HIS YOUNG MARES.



SPRING TINGLED EVEN IN THE MUDDY TOES OF AN OLD BADGER, AS HE DUG HIMSELF A NEW HOME IN THE CREEK BANK, ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK.



AT A RESOUNDING SMORT BEHIND HIM, THE OLD BADGER TURNED, SNEEZED, AND SHOOK THE DIRT OUT OF HIS EARS... BUT IT WAS NO ENEMY ACROSS THE CREEK—ONLY MOUSSA, THE SLIM WHITE MARE, KING SYLVAN'S FAVORITE.



MOUSSA CRANK THIRSTILY, AS IF SHE HAD BEEN A LONG TIME WITHOUT WATER.



"HER THIRST SATISFIED, SHE PUSHED BACK QUICKLY INTO THE WILLOW SHADE. THERE LAY HER NEWBORN SON---A TINY, SUN-DAPPLED FOAL! KING SYLVAN'S OFFSPRING!"



"GENTLY HUGGING HER INFANT, SHE ENCOURAGED HIM TO STAND ON HIS STILL-WOBBLY, STILT-LIKE LEGS."



"AFTER A TIME, HE MANAGED IT---AND IMMEDIATELY SOUGHT OUT HIS FIRST MEAL, WITH THE APPETITE OF ALL HEALTHY BABIES."



"AS LITTLE SILVER NURSED, MOUSSA STOOD ALERT AND ANXIOUS, TESTING THE AIR FOR SCENT OF THE WILD HORSE'S ENEMIES---"



"---THE LONE GRAY TIMBER WOLF!"



"---THE SNEAKING, STARVING COYOTE!"



"---AND THE LEAN COUGAR OF THE HILLS, A TANNY MURDERER, WITH A TASTE FOR EASY HORSEFLESH!"



THOUGH SHE DREADED TO LEAVE HER LITTLE ONE, MOUSSA MADE BRIEF TRIPS TO THE LUSH GREEN GRASS ALONG THE CREEK BANK. THE MOTHER OF A HUNGRY FOAL MUST EAT.



BACK IN THE WILLOWS, SILVER LAY SO STILL THAT A WOOD MOUSE CREEPT CLOSE TO HIM, HUNTING FOR EDIBLE ROOTS.



AT SILVER'S BABY SHORT, THE MOUSE TURNED A BACK-SOMERSAULT WITH FRIGHT, AND SCUTTLED TO ITS HOLE.



AS SUNSET SHADOWS FILLED THE VALLEY, A FAT PORCUPINE CLIMBED DOWN FROM A TREE NOT FAR FROM SILVER'S HIDING PLACE.



WITH STRICTLY PORCUPINE BUSINESS FILLING ITS SINGLE-TRACK MIND, THE QUILL PIG AMBLED STRAIGHT TOWARD THE NEW-BORN PRINCE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY.



SUCH IMPUDENCE WAS MORE THAN LITTLE SILVER COULD TAKE. HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET AND SNORTED INDIGNANTLY. WITH A DRY RATTLING OF ITS QUILLS, THE PORKY TURNED ASIDE.



THE CREATURE HAD ROLLED ITSELF INTO A BALL! WHY HAD IT NOT RUN AWAY LIKE THE MOUSE? SILVER'S PINK NOSE SMIFFED INQUIRINGLY



SUDDENLY, THE PORCUPINE'S TAIL MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING! THE FOAL GRUNTED IN PAINED SURPRISE -



TWO STINGING, BURNING DARTS WERE EMBEDDED IN HIS TENDER NOSE! SILVER SCREAMED FOR HIS MOTHER -



HER INFANT'S SHRIEK SPUN MOUSSA AROUND IN HER TRACKS -



WITH A WILD QUESTIONING REIGN, THE MARE CRASHED THROUGH THE WILLOW GROWTH! HER BABY WAS ATTACKED--- BY WHAT HORRID ENEMY?



BUT NO WOLF OR COUGAR WAS IN SIGHT-- ONLY HER WHIMPERING FOAL -



"--- AND THE SMELL OF
PORCUPINE WAS STRONG
IN THE AIR!



"QUICKLY, MOUSSA LOCATED THE TROUBLE.



"HER STRONG TEETH CLAMPED ON THE OFFENDING
QUILLS! A QUICK PULL--- A SHRIEK FROM SILVER---
AND THEY WERE OUT!"



"TREMBLING WITH THE FIRST PAIN
HE HAD EVER KNOWN, THE LITTLE
PRINCE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY
SHUGGLED CLOSE TO HIS MOTHER---
WHILE SHE COMFORTED HIM.



AND SOON HE FELT SO SAFE.



..THAT NOT EVEN THE EVENING
SONG OF A COYOTE HOWLING ON
THE VALLEY'S RIM COULD MAKE
HIM FEEL AFRAID.



WHEN THE MOON DIPPED DOWN OVER THE HILLS, JUST BEFORE DAWN, MOUSSA STOLE AWAY FOR AN HOUR'S GRAZING. SHE WAS HUNGRIER THAN SHE HAD REALIZED. FOOT BY FOOT, FARTHER AND FARTHER, SHE MOVED AWAY FROM THE WILLOWS.



WITH THE FIRST PALE DAYLIGHT, HASHEETA THE COUGAR CAME DOWN TO HUNT IN WILD HORSE VALLEY.



AS HE PROWLED ALONG THE CREEK, A TELLTALE BREEZE BROUGHT TO HASHEETA THE SCENT OF A NEWBORN FOAL. EAGERLY HE FOLLOWED IT UPWIND.



NOW IT WAS CLOSE! AND HASHEETA'S KEEN NOSE TOLD HIM THAT THE FOAL WAS ALONE! ALONE AND HELPLESS!



BUT THE SAME FICKLE BREEZE NOW WARNED MOUSSA, THE WHITE MAID, OF DEADLY DANGER.



MAD WITH FEAR FOR HER BABY, SHE RACED TOWARD THE WILLOWS.



THE WILLOW STEMS CRASHED BEHIND HASHEETA! HE TURNED TO FACE A SCREAMING FURY!



"AT THE LAST INSTANT, HASHEETA DODGED—SLASHING AT MOUSSA'S SHOULDER."



"HALF A MILE AWAY, MOUSSA'S SCREAM REACHED THE EARS OF HER LORD AND MASTER, MIGHTY SYLVAN, WHO WHIRLED AT THE SOUND."



"TRUMPETING HIS CHALLENGE TO THE UNKNOWN ENEMY, THE GREAT HORSE RACED TO HIS FAVORITE'S AID."



"BUT ALREADY THE COUGAR WAS REACHING FOR A DEATH HOLD"



"FRANTIC, MOUSSA HURLED HERSELF ON HER BACK, TRYING TO CRUSH THE CLAWING FIEND"



HASHEETA WAS NO CUB... TO BE CAUGHT BY THAT TRICK! BOUNDING CLEAR, HE GATHERED HIMSELF FOR ANOTHER SPRING.



... BEFORE MOUSSA COULD RISE!



AS THE COUGAR BORE HER TO THE GROUND, A STALLION'S FIGHTING BAWL RANG OUT BEHIND HIM.



MIGHTY JAWS CRUSHED THE BIG CAT'S SPINE.



LIKE A RAG DOLL HE SPUN THROUGH THE AIR



POUNDING HOOF BEAT THE LAST SPARK OF LIFE FROM THE TAWNY MURDERER'S BOOT.



THEN SYLVAN THE KING TURNED WITH A DEEP-THROATED QUESTION TO HIS BELOVED MOUSSA! WAS SHE HURT MUCH? AND HER LITTLE ONE...?



BOLDLY, THE LITTLE PRINCE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY STEPPED FORWARD TO GREET HIS SIRE... AND SYLVAN'S DEEP MURMUR APPROVED HIS NEIGHBOR HEIR, SILVER!



SILVER FIGHTS FOR A FRIEND

WHOA, SILVER! HELLO, THERE, JEANNE AND LOIMY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING SO FAR AHEAD OF THE WAGON TRAIN?



FATHER SAID WE'D BE SAFE FROM INDIANS OR OUTLAWS AS LONG AS WE STUCK CLOSE TO THE LONE RANGER!

--- AND YOU PROMISED US ANOTHER STORY ABOUT SILVER, DIDN'T YOU?

YOU'RE RIGHT!



I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED WHEN SILVER WAS ONLY TWO YEARS OLD--- BIG AND FAST FOR HIS AGE, BUT STILL WITH A LOT OF THINGS TO LEARN.



ONE THING THAT HURT SILVER'S FEELINGS AT THIS AGE WAS THAT HIS MOTHER, MOUSSA, HAD STOPPED PAYING HIM ANY ATTENTION. HER NEW BABY NOW TOOK ALL HER CARE.

BUT WHEN HIS SIRE AND HERO, MIGHTY SYLVAN, TURNED AND DROVE HIM AWAY FROM THE HERO, THE SILVER GOLT'S WORLD SEEMED TO HAVE COME TO AN END!



WHEN-NON- NON- NON?



ER-UM!

ER-UM!

BUT YOUNG SILVER WAS NOT ALONE IN HIS HEARTBREAK! ALL THE COLTS OF HIS AGE WERE CHASED AWAY FROM THE MARES AND WEANLINGS--- WITH SUCH FIERCENESS THAT THEY DARED NOT RETURN



WHIMPERING AND CALLING PATHETICALLY, THE BACHELOR COLTS HUNG AROUND--- AS NEAR TO THEIR MOTHERS AS THEY DARED--- TOO LONESOME TO EAT.



FINALLY THEY UNDERSTOOD! THEIR BABYHOOD WAS OVER--- NOW THEY WERE ON THEIR OWN, TO FIND THEIR OWN FEED, FIGHT THEIR OWN BATTLES, MAKE THEIR OWN FRIENDS.



SCAMPER, A CHUNKY BLACK TWO-YEAR-OLD, ATTACHED HIMSELF TO SILVER--- SOMETIMES THEY REARED AND SQUEALED IN MOCK BATTLE---



BUT NONE OF THEM DARED TO STIR AGAIN THE ANGER OF SILVER, THE KING OF WILD HORSE VALLEY.



---AND TIRED OUT, THEY WOULD LAY DOWN TOGETHER TO SLEEP. AFFECTIONATE, IMPULSIVE, HARUM-SCARUM, THE LITTLE BLACK COLT ALWAYS FELT SAFE WITH HIS TALLER, STRONGER FRIEND



"SCAMPER'S CHIEF WEARINESS WAS HIS CURIOSITY---FOREVER STICKING HIS NOSE INTO OTHER CREATURES' BUSINESS."



"SEVERAL TIMES HE CAUGHT THE GRAY BADGER AWAY FROM HIS BURROW, AND TORTURED THE SLOW-MOVING, SAUMPY ANIMAL."



"BUT ONE DAY, THE BADGER LOST PATIENCE AND GAVE THE BLACK COLT A LESSON IN MANNERS---"

"--- THAT SMARTED FOR HALF A DAY."



"REMEMBERING THE FIERY STING OF PORCUPINE QUILLS IN HIS BABYHOOD, SILVER WASHED AND SOOTHED HIS FRIEND'S HURT NOSE."



"BUT SCAMPER COULD NO MORE LEARN CAUTION THAN HE COULD LEARN TO FLY! A FEW DAYS LATER, A JACK RABBIT BOUNCING ALONG THE BOTTOM OF A DEEP GULCH MADE HIM FORGET HIS FOOTING!"

"THE LOOSE ROCK AT THE EDGE CRUMBLED SUDDENLY."



"---AND THE BLACK COLT TUMBLED
HEADFIRST OUT OF SIGHT!"



"---HE HIT THE GRAVELLY BOTTOM
AND LAY STILL .



"DESPERATELY WORRIED, SILVER CALLED
AND CALLED TO HIS FRIEND "



"ROLLING OVER AND OVER---



"AT LAST, SCAMPER LIFTED A GROSSY HEAD."



"HE WOBBLER TO HIS FEET AND STOOD SPRADOLE-LEGGED, WHILE THE WORLD CONTINUED TO WHIRL ABOUT HIM.



"TROTTER BACK AND FORTH ALONG THE RIM, SILVER PERSUADED THE DIZZY BLACK TO LOOK FOR A WAY OUT."



"BUT FROM END TO END THE SHEER WALLS SEEMED TO BE IMPASSABLE, AN OPEN-AIR PRISON FOR ANYTHING WITH HOOFS!"



"HAPPY-GO-LUCKY SCAMPER WAS NOT WORRIED, HOWEVER, AS LONG AS HE HAD GRASS AND WATER, AND HIS FRIEND SILVER WAS WITHIN CALL, THINGS WEREN'T TOO BAD."



"SILVER FELT MORE ANXIETY... PARTICULARLY THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE LONG-DRAWN HOWL OF A LOUD WOLF DRIFTED DOWN FROM THE HILLS ABOVE WILD HORSE VALLEY."



"HE BEDDED DOWN NOT FAR FROM THE GULCH, AND SLEEP WAS A LONG TIME IN COMING... HE MISSED LITTLE SCAMPER'S TRUSTFUL COMPANIONSHIP."



THAT VERY NIGHT, OLD LOBO AND HIS MATE CAME DOWN INTO WILD HORSE VALLEY!



HUNTING HAD BEEN POOR IN THE HILLS, LATELY... AND A DEN FULL OF HALF-STARVED PUPS FORCED THE WOLVES TO GO FARTHER AFIELD ON THEIR NIGHTLY HUNTS.



AT THE EDGE OF THE GULCH, THE SCENT OF YOUNG HORSE-FLESH WAS STRONG! IT MADE THE MOUTHS OF THE TWO GRAY RAIDERS WATER WITH EAGERNESS.



"SILENT AS GHOSTS, THEY WORKED THEIR WAY TO THE BOTTOM.



"SUDDENLY, A SCREAM OF MORTAL FEAR PIERCED THE NIGHT! SILVER LUNGED TO HIS FEET--- ALL SLEEPINESS GONE ON THE INSTANT."



"AGIN THAT HORROR SCREAM! IT WAS SCAMPER--- AND SILVER'S WAR CRY RANG LIKE A TRUMPET IN ANSWER."



CONFIDENT THAT NO HELP COULD REACH THEIR DOOMED PREY, THE WOLVES CREEPT NEARER--- FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, ONE SLASHING LEAP WOULD BRING THE COLT DOWN."



BUT THAT MOMENT NEVER CAME! LIKE A WHITE BOLT OF LIGHTNING, A TEANFORM FLASHED FROM THE RIM TO PIN THE LOBO IN HIS TRACKS "



THE IMPACT, BROKEN BY THE WOLF'S BODY, FAILED TO SNAP THOSE SLENDER FORELEGS "



BUT SHEER MOMENTUM CARRIED SILVER OVER IN A SOMERSAULT.



THE SHE-WOLF THOUGHT SHE SAW HER CHANCE--- AND LEAPED FOR THE WHITE COLT'S THROAT.



--- ONLY TO CATCH A BLOW FROM A SLASHING FOREHOOF



BOTH PICKED THEMSELVES UP AT THE SAME MOMENT---



"--- THE SHE-WOLF TO FLEE FOR HER LIFE... SILVER TO VENT HIS FURY IN PURSUIT."



"ONLY THE FRIGHTENED CALL OF SCAMPER CHECKED THE CHASE."



"POOR LITTLE SCAMPER! STILL TREMBLING FROM HIS NARROW BRUSH WITH THE JAWS OF DEATH, HE RAN WHIMPERING TO MEET HIS HERD."



"NOW ALL WAS WELL! NO THOUGHT OF HIS ROCK-WALLED PRISON BOTHERED THE LITTLE BLACK AS HE SLEPT THROUGH THE DARK HOURS, SHUGGLED CLOSE TO SILVER'S CHEST."



IN THE MORNING, HOWEVER, SILVER'S FIRST MOVE WAS TO EXPLORE THE GULCH



ONLY AT ONE SPOT DID THE WALLS OFFER EVEN THE SLIGHTEST HOPE OF ESCAPE --- AND THAT HOPE SCARCELY ONE TO TEMPT A MOUNTAIN GOAT!



THE SAVER COLT NOW SHOWED THE QUALITY OF LEADERSHIP THAT WOULD ONE DAY MAKE HIM A GREATER LEADER EVEN THAN HIS MIGHTY GIFT! HE SHOULDERED SCAMPER BACK A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE SPOT...



"--- AND THERE HE GAVE THE BLACK AN IDEA OF HIS INTENTIONS."

AT A DEAD RUN, HE LED OFF --- HEADED FOR THE CHOSEN SPOT.



SHEER MOMENTUM CARRIED HIM MOST OF THE WAY UP THAT ROUGH ROCK "CHIMNEY", CLAWING LIKE A CAT, HE FORCED HIS WAY FARTHER...



WITH CHIN AND FOREHEAD GRIPPING THE RIM, HE FOUGHT AGAINST THE DEAD PULL OF GRAVITY.



"...AND WON!"



BUT SCAMPER * SILVER TURNED WITH AN ANXIOUS WHINNY! YES, GALLANT LITTLE SCAMPER HAD CLIMBED ALMOST TO THE TOP! AND THERE HE MUNG! SENSING SILVER'S NEARNESS, THE BLACK COLT GATHERED HIS STRENGTH..."



SILVER'S NOSE GRIPPED THE ROCK SOLIDLY... HIS LONG, STRONG JAWS DROVE DOWNWARD--- AND GRASPED SCAMPER'S FORELOCK. HIS STEEL MUSCLES BUNCHED.



SOBING FOR BREATH, THE SMALLER COLT FOUND FOOTING ON THE RIM! SURE FOOTING AND SAFETY!



THEN SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, THE TWO FRIENDS, SILVER AND SCAMPER, TROTTED DOWN TO A WELL-EARNED BREAKFAST ALONG THE SHINING CREEK."



---AND SPEAKING OF BREAKFAST, YOU'D BETTER HURRY BACK TO THE WAGONS FOR A SNACK! WE WON'T STOP UNTIL SUNDOWN---

---AND THEN YOU'LL TELL US ANOTHER STORY OF SILVER--- WON'T YOU--- PLEASE?



MY! I'LL BET WE COULD SEE
AN APACHE SIGNAL FIRE
TWENTY MILES FROM HERE!

THAT'S WHY
I CHOSE THIS
ROCK, LONNY!

SILVER

AND THE

WINGED DEATH

BUT IF WE COULD
RISE AS HIGH AS
THAT EAGLE, WE COULD
SEE A HUNDRED
MILES!

HOW CAN
AN EAGLE
SEE THAT FAR
WITHOUT A
TELESCOPE?

AN EAGLE'S EYES ARE LIKE TELESCOPES.
JEANNE! FROM A MILE HIGH, HE CAN
SEE THE RABBIT ON THE FAWN OR
THE ORPHANED COLT—
AND DROP LIKE A THUNDERBOLT
TO THE KILL!

OHNN! IT
MAKES ME
SHIVER!

OUD AN EAGLE
EVER ATTACK
SILVER WHEN
HE WAS A
LITTLE COLT?

YES, LONNY— WHEN
SILVER WAS ONLY
THREE MONTHS OLD—
AND IT WAS A MIGHTY
NARROW ESCAPE! I'LL
TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

—THAT SPRING, THE GRIM SPECTER OF DEATH
CLAIMED TWO LIVES OUT OF THE WILD HORSE
HERD— RULED OVER BY KING SYLVAN—
AND EVER AFTERWARDS THE SHADOW OF
PASSING WINGS RECALLED IT TO SILVER,
THE COLT.

"NUBA, AN OLD BLACK MARE, HAD BORN A FOAL LATE THAT SAME SPRING. AND LITTLE MINICK, A HEALTHY, HUNGRY RASCAL, TEASED HIS PATIENT MOTHER UNMERCIFULLY.



"WHEN HE SCAMPERED OUT OF SIGHT AMONG THE ROCKS AND BRUSH, NUBA CALLED AND CALLED IN VAIN FOR HIM TO COME BACK."



"RUNNING AFTER NAUGHTY MINICK WORE HER DOWN! ONE DAY, WHEN SHE WAS STIFFLY CLIMBING A GRAVEL SLOPE...



"—SHE STUMBLED ON A LOOSE STONE



"...AND ROLLED TO THE BOTTOM!



"WHEN SHE DID NOT MOVE, LITTLE NINICK
CAME DOWN EXPECTING THAT HIS
MOTHER WOULD GET UP AND FEED HIM."



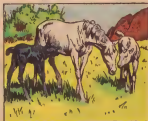
"BUT POOR OLD NUBA NEVER WOULD
HEAR OR STIR AGAIN! A BROKEN
NECK HAD MERCIFULLY PUT AN
END TO HER WEAKENED OLD
AGE."



"WHEN HUNGRY NINICK CAME AT LAST TO
MOUSSA, BEGGING FOR A MEAL...."



"...SILVER'S GENTLE MOTHER DID NOT
REFUSE HIM."



"HOWEVER, SHE DID REFUSE TO CHASE AFTER
THE NAUGHTY LITTLE BLACK WHENEVER HE
RAN AWAY! SHE COULD NOT LEAVE HER OWN
BABY UNPROTECTED."



"SO IT HAPPENED THAT SKREE, THE
GOLDEN EAGLE, SPOTTED NINICK
ALONE ONE DAY. SKREE'S FIERCE,
YELLOW EYES TOOK ON A HUNGRY
GLEAM."



"HIGH IN THE CLOUDLESS BLUE, HE
HARDENED EVERY FEATHER AND
POWER-DIVED INTO WILD HORSE
VALLEY.



"LITTLE MINICK HAD NO WARNING THAT HE
WAS THE TARGET OF A FEATHERED
BOMBSHELL.



"SKREE'S DAGGER-SHARP TALON BARELY
SEEMED TO TOUCH THE DOOMED
COLT'S NECK...



"... BUT IT WAS ENOUGH! SLOWLY,
SKREE SETTLED DOWN TO FEAST
ON HIS KILL.



"WHINNYING ANXIOUSLY, MOUSSA
CIRCLED AT A DISTANCE"



"... UNTIL THE WIND BROUGHT TO HER
AND SILVER THE SCENT OF DEATH!
SHORTING, THEY TURNED ...



"... AND GALLOPED AWAY, SILVER'S SHORT, EDLISH MANE BRISTLING WITH HORROR.



"A MONTH LATER, ON A BLISTERING HOT AFTERNOON, MOUSSA AND SILVER SOUGHT THE SHADE OF A GREAT ROCK.



"LYING CLOSE TO HIS MOTHER, LITTLE SILVER DOZED LIGHTLY.



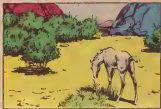
"UNTIL A LARGE FLY SETTLED ON HIS LEFT EAR. AT THE SHARP STING OF ITS BITE, HE SHOOK HIS HEAD ANGRILY...



"... AND GOT TO HIS FEET, SWITCHING HIS SHORT TAIL. HIS HAIR WAS RUINED:



"THE FLY DID NOT RETURN--- BUT NEITHER DID SLEEP! NIBBLING AT SPEARS OF SUN-DRIED GRASS, SILVER MOVED TOWARD A CLUMP OF CHAPARRAL.



"THE RUSTLING LEAVES OF THE CHAPARRAL
CAUGHT THE COLT'S ATTENTION AND
THE FLICKER OF SILVER'S EARS.



"... CAUGHT THE TELESCOPIC EYE OF
SKREE THE EAGLE, SWIRLING THROUGH
THE HOT ARC OF THE SKY ABOVE WILD
HORSE VALLEY.



"TO SKREE, THAT WHITE FLICKER, FAR BELOW
HIM, LOOKED LIKE THE EARS OF A CARELESS
RABBIT. . . THEY SUGGESTED A MEAL. AND
SKREE WAS ALWAYS HUNGRY.



"A LIVING, AIMED PROJECTILE, HE GIVED
THROUGH THE CLEAR AIR.



"AT THE LAST INSTANT, HE SAW HIS MISTAKE. . . BUT DID NOT CHECK HIS STRIKE!



"THE BLOW KNOCKED SILVER TO HIS KNEES, AS HOOKED TALONS PIERCED HIS TENDER SCALP."



"BUT THE THORNY CHAPARRAL NOW CAME TO THE COLT'S RESCUE, SNAGGING SKREE'S MIGHTY WINGS! WITH A YELP OF DISMAY, THE TYRANT OF THE AIR FOUGHT TO FREE THEM."



"THE DELAY WAS JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE SILVER HIS CHANCE. IN FEAR AND RAGE, HE SHAPPED AT HIS ENEMY. AND THE RAZOR-SHARP, COLTISH TEETH SLICED THROUGH SKIN AND TENDONS."



"MADDENED BY THE SUDDEN PAIN, SKREE BEAT THE AIR! HIS GREAT WINGS BORE HIM UPWARD, SCREAMING, JUST AS MOUSSA CHARGED TO THE AID OF HER COLT."



"BUT SILVER WEDGED NEITHER AID NOR COMFORT, DESPITE HIS SMARTING SCALP! HIS BARY VOICE WAS RAISED IN ANGRY CHALLENGE TO THE WINGED DEATH."



"BUT SKREE'S MURDEROUS TALONS WOULD NEVER AGAIN BRING DEATH TO A COLT OF WILD HORSE VALLEY! ONE SCALY FOOT HUNG LIMP, CRIPPLED FOR GOOD! FROM NOW ON, HIS PREY MUST BE WICE AND RABBITS, SNAKES AND GOPHERS THE FARE OF ANY COMMON HAWK."



HOLD UP, YOUNGSTERS! DO YOU SEE
WHAT'S BREAKING THE HORIZON
LINE BEYOND US?

A--- A SMOKE
SIGNAL? IN JUNE--?

THE ROPE

INDIAN SIGNAL IT IS,
LONNY--- BUT A
FRIENDLY ONE! IT'S
TONTO, MY PARTNER---

BUT WHAT IS
HE SAYING
WITH THAT
SMOKE? ---
WHY ARE WE
TURNING BACK?

TONTO'S SIGNAL SAYS TO STOP THE
WAGON TRAIN FOR THE NIGHT--- IN THE
MORNING, TAKE THE SOUTH PASS
THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS---
APACHES WANTING TO JUMP US
IN THE NORTH PASS.

OH!!

IF WE'RE STOPPING TO CAMP EARLY,
YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO TELL US
ANOTHER STORY ABOUT
SILVER, WON'T YOU?

I THINK SO, JEANNE--- AND
ABOUT AN APACHE WARRIOR,
WHO WAS THE FIRST HUMAN
BEING EVER TO SEE YOUNG
SILVER!

THAT EVENING, AROUND THE CAMPFIRE--

KEENAY THE APACHE WAS THE LONE
SURVIVOR OF A RAID THAT HAD FAILED!
HIS COMPANIONS' BONES WERE WHITENING
ON THE DESERT TO THE NORTH, WHERE
NAVAJO ARROWS HAD GROPPED THEM

HE HAD HIDDEN HIS HORSE TO DEATH, ESCAPING FROM HIS ENEMIES, AND HE WAS STILL FAR FROM HOME. A STONE ARROWHEAD, EMBEDDED IN HIS OWN LEG MADE HIM LIMP BADLY.



KEENAY KNEW THAT UNLESS HE COULD CAPTURE ANOTHER HORSE TO RIDE, HE MIGHT NEVER REACH THE HOMELANDS OF HIS PEOPLE. HE CLIMBED A HIGH ROCKY HILL TO LOOK AROUND....



... AND FOUND HIMSELF GAZING DOWN INTO WILD HORSE VALLEY:



KEENAY'S ROVING GAZE HAD PICKED OUT SYLVAN AND HIS BAND FROM AFAR. HE WORKED HIS WAY DOWN TO A HIGH JUTTING CLIFF---



---- AND GLANCING OVER THE EDGE, HE SAW WHAT APPEARED LIKE AN ANSWER TO HIS BEST DREAMS.



IT WAS MOUSSA, THE WHITE MARE, AND HER TEARFUL COLT, SILVER... THEY HAD FOUND A PATCH OF TENDER GRASS GROWING AT THE MOUTH OF A SIDE CANYON.



"KEENAY CREEPT BACK UP THE SIDE CANYON, AND LOWERED HIMSELF TO THE BOTTOM WITH THE HELP OF HIS ROPE.



"MOVING FROM BOULDER TO BOULDER, WITH THE SLOW PATIENCE OF A HUNTING CAT, HE STALKED THE UNSUSPECTING MARE.



"KEENAY'S BLACK EYES GLITTERED, AS HE TOOK IN MOUSSA'S BEAUTIFUL FORM ON A MOUNT LIKE THAT, HE COULD OUTRIDE ANY WARRIORS FROM THE NORTH! BUT SHE WAS STILL TOO FAR AWAY...



"AS KEENAY NOPED, MOUSSA'S GRAZING BROUGHT HER A LITTLE NEARER TO THE ROCK BEHIND WHICH HE WAS HIDING.



"HE SAUNDED HER NEARNESS BY THE SOUND OF HER MUNCHING JAWS."



"EVEN AS HE ROSE THE ROPE SHOOK OUT FROM HIS HAND! THE NOOSE FELL TRUE OVER MOUSSA'S STARTLED HEAD."



"WITH ALL HER STRENGTH, MOUSSA STRAINED AGAINST THE ROPE'S THROTTLING GRIP! SHE COULD NOT BREATHE! THE ROARING OF A HUNDRED WATERFALLS WAS IN HER EARS! HER HEART SEEMED ABOUT TO BURST!...



"AFTER A MINUTE, HER EYES GLAZED, HER KNEES BUCKLED! A GREAT AND TERRIBLE DARKNESS BORE HER DOWN!



"KEENAY WORKED SWIFTLY, EXPERTLY! HE TIED ONE END OF HIS ROPE AROUND A SLIM PETLOCK, THEN CRAWLED THE FORELEG UP.



"TWO MINUTES LATER, HE WAS LEADING THE GAZED MARE ON THREE LEGS, DEEPER INTO THE SIDE CANYON.



"SILVER GAZED AFTER THEM IN ANGRY BEWILDERMENT! THIS CREATURE WITH THE STRANGE SMELL, THAT WALKED ON TWO LEGS, HAD MASTERED HIS MOTHER--AND AWED THE YEARLING COLT! HE GAZED NOT FOLLOW THEM TOO CLOSELY.



"---BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY TO KEEP THEM IN SIGHT! SILVER KNEW A WAY UP THE CLIFFS.



CAUTIOUSLY, HE MOVED ALONG THE RIM OF THE SIDE CANYON, OUT OF REACH FROM HIS MOTHER'S CAPTOR, YET WATCHING ALL THAT WENT ON



HALF A MILE UP THE CANYON--- WHERE NO SOUND OF MOUSSA'S STRUGGLES COULD REACH THE GREAT STALLION IN THE VALLEY. KEENAY MOUNTED THE FOOT-ROPED MARE! SHE PLUNGED AND REARED IN VAIN.



WHEN SHE WEARIED AT LAST, HE LOOSENEED THE FOOT ROPE AND GUIDED HER BY THE JAW WITH KEENAY'S SKILL, SHE WOULD SOON BE TRAINED.



FASCINATED BY THE SIGHT, YET FIERCELY RESENTFUL, YOUNG SILVER GAZED DOWN FROM THE TOP OF A GRAVEL SLIDE THAT BROKE THE CANYON'S WALL AT THIS POINT.



ALL AT ONCE, THE SLIDE BEGAN TO MOVE, CARRYING THE COLT ALONG WITH IT, VERY MUCH SURPRISED.



AT HER STARTLED YOUNGESTER'S CALL, MOUSSA BEGAN TO FIGHT AGAIN! HER FRANTIC JUMPS CARRIED HER NEARER THE SLIDE.



KEENAY GLANCED UP IN HORROR...



"... A MOMENT BEFORE A BOUNCING STONE KNOCKED HIM OFF MOUSSA'S BACK."



"IT WAS NOT A LARGE SLICE. IT PETERED OUT JUST AS SILVER FOUGHT HIS WAY OUT OF THE MOVING GRAVEL."



"TRAILING HER ROPES, MOUSSA STUMBLER TOWARD HIM ..."



"SUDDENLY SHE TRIPPED ON THE LONG ROPE AND WENT DOWN."



(Continued on back cover)

TERRIFIED AT THE THING WHICH ONCE NEARLY CHOKED THE LIFE OUT OF HER, MOUSSA LAY TREMBLING, NOT DARING TO RISE. BUT SILVER HAD NO SUCH QUALMS



THE ROPE SMELLED OF KEENAY... AND SILVER HATED IT! HE BIT AND TUGGED... TO PULL IT AWAY FROM HIS MOTHER'S FOOT.



AT LAST IT LOOSENEO... CAME FREE. MOUSSA AROSE FIGHTING HER DANGLING JAW ROPE.



BRISK RUBBING ON A ROCK TOOK CARE OF THAT NUISANCE...



SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, MOTHER AND COLT LEFT THE HATED CANYON --- RACING BACK TO THE BRIGHT SAFETY OF WILD HORSE VALLEY AND THEIR OWN HERO.



AFTER A TIME, KEENAY AWOKE FROM HIS CAZE --- HE HOBBOLED OFF CONVINCED THAT WILD HORSE VALLEY HELD DANGERS MYSTERIOUS AND TERRIBLE, FOR A LONG HUNTER... AND PERHAPS HE WAS RIGHT!



BAD MEDICINE IN THIS PLACE! A WHITE SPIRIT-COLT TOOK THE MARE --- AND LEFT ME FOR DEAD!